Circuit Court.

Robert C. Jackson, judge; H. Bane Har-man, clerk. Terms of court—1st Monday in April, 4th Monday in August and 1st Monday in December.

County Court.

J. H. Stuart, judge; T. E. George, clerk. Terms of court—Tuesday after 3d Monday in each month.

Officers.

Barnes Gillespie,	Com'th. Atty
Barnes Gillespie,	Sheriff
James Bandy,	Deputy Sheriff
Jno. W. Crockett,	Treasurer
H. P. Brittain	Deputy
H. G. McCall S. V. Kelly,	County Surveyor
	Unaka Vs.
ry TT Williams	County Supt. Schools

Address, Snapps, Va.

THE CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal Church South.

Public worship of God on the 1st and 3rd Sundays at 11 A M., on the 2nd and 4th at 7:30 P. M. Meeting for prayer, Wednesday at 7:30.
P. M. Sabbath School at 9:30 A. M.

Meeting of Epworth League each Sun-lay at 3 p. m., the third Monday night of each month being devoted to literary work. A most cordial welcome is extended to all. J. S. FRENCH, Pastor.

Christian Church.

Preaching 1st and 3rd Sundays at 7 p. m. and 2nd and 4th Sundays at 11 s. m. Prayer meeting Saturday night at 7 clock. Sunday school every Sunday at

PHILIP JOHNSON, Pastor. Rev. Mowbray's Appointments.

Preaching at Pleasant Hill Church 1st Sabbath in the month at 11 a. m.; and at White Church the same day at 3 p. m. Preaching the Third Sabbath at White Church 11 a. m.; in the afternoon at 3 o,clock at Pleasant Hill Church.

SECRET ORDERS.

XX OLINCH VALLEY COMMANDERY, NO. 20. KNIGHTS TEMPLAR. Meets first Monday in each month. JAMES O'KEEFFE, E. C. r G. YOUNG, Recorder.



ARCH CHAPTER

Meets second Monday in each O. G. EMPSCHWILLER, H. P. W. G. YOUNG,

TAZEWELL LODGE,
NO. 62, A. F. & A. M.
Meets the third Monday in each L. C. WINGO, W. M. W. G. YOUNG, Sec'y.

PAZEWELL TAPERNACLE, PILGRIM KNIGHTS.

Meets 4th Monday in each month.

JAMES O'KEEFFE, Chief. W. G. YOUNG, Sec'y.



TAZEWELL COUNCIL NO. 119, JR. O. U. A. M. Meets every Monday night in their hall on Main St.

C. T. PATTON, C. C. W. SPRACHER, Sec'y.

BLUEGRASS LODGE, NO. 142, I.O.O.F.



Meets every Tuesday night. Lodge room over Pobst's store. C. A. STEELE, N. G. M. J. HANKINS, V. G.

TAZEWELL LODGE NO. 100 K. OF P.

C. C, Long, Sec'y.

Meets every Thursday night, in Odd Fellows Hall. R. M. STEELE, C. C.

J. B. CRAWFORD, K. of R. &. S.

LAWYERS.

A J. & S. D. MAY, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Taze-well, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell county and in the Court of Appeals at Wytheville, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

Tulton & Coulling, Attorneys at Law, Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell county. S. M. B. Couling will continue his practice in all the courts of Buchanan ceunty. J. H. Fulton, Wytheville, Va. S. M. B. Couling,

J. POWELL ROYALL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Office with Chapman &

GREEVER & GILLESPIE, LAWYERS, Taxewell to Precision in the courts of Taxewell and adoining counties. Office-Stras building. Edgar L. Greever, Barns Gillespie.

GEO. W. ST. CLAIR. ATTORNEY AT LAW Wall and adjoining counties and in the Suprema Court of Appeals at Wytheville. Particula. attention paid to the collection of claims. Office—stras building

C. ALDERSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Taze-well, Va. Will practice in the courts of Tase-well county and the Court of Appeals at Wythe-ville. Collecting a specialty.

T. C. BOWEN, ATTORNEY AT LAW Taze well, Va. Office west end of Courthouse

VINCENT L. SEXTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tazewell va. Will practice in the courts of faxewell and adjoining countries. Particular at-tention paid to the collection of claims. Office in Stras building.

W. B. SPRATT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Rich-rell and adjoining counties. Prompt attention paid to the collection of claims.

H. STUART, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ta well, Va. Land titles in McDowell and Logan coun-ties, West Virginia, a specialty. Office in Stras

ENRY & GRAHAM, LAWYERS, Tazewell, Va. Office in building near Court House, R. R. Lenry, S. C. Graham, B. W. Stras.

A. HIGGINBOTHAM, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW A. Taze-well, Va. (Office up stairs in Law Build-ing) Practices in Courts of Tazewell and ad-joining counties, and in Court of Appeals of Vir-

The old "unfinished chamber!"—
I shut my eyes and see
The massive, smoke-browned rafters,
Each hewn from some huge tree; E'er boasted ribs more stout; No wildest wind of winter Could shake them with its rout. And yet they condescended To yield ungrudged support To traces trim of popcorn For winter evenings' sport;

To festooned wealth of apple, And wrinkled rings galors
Of pie-prophetic pumpkin,
And grandma's treasured store
Of peppermint and spearmint,
Skull-cap and sage and dill,
Wormwood and balm and catnip— Sure cure for every ill.
Small need had we of doctors!
At alightest hint of pain
Came grandma with her herb-drink,
And we were well again.

I see the huge old chimney. Up which the wood fires roared, On every side surrounded By all our childish hoard Of hazelnuts and beechnuts, Gathered in golden days, While saucy chipmunks scolded, And all the woodland ways Were gay in gold and scarlet, And all the air was sweet With breath of glorious autumn, Whose wealth was at our feet.

I see the small-paned windows That, in a winter's night, Would win to wondrous beauty Of tracery azure-white.
Soones of the sunny south land,
With towering tropic trees, Pictures of polar regions And iceberg-haunted seas, All that we read and dreamed of, That travelers' tales rehearse, We saw in our still corner Of the great universe.

Then, when the days grew longer And weak the winter's chains, From some dim, dreaming cranny Out on the sunny panes Big, sleepy files crept staidly, With dazed, bewildered mien, As though they scarce remembered
The once familiar scene;
But when, by sunshine wakened,
They raised their cheery hum,
We knew that they were telling

"For true" that spring was come Ah, dreamy, blissful memories Of dear, dim rainy days!
We could not "go a-fishing,"
And all our outdoor plays
Were set aside. What cared we?
We knew the latch-string stout Of the old "unfinished chamber Of the old "unfinished chamber"
Was always hanging out.
What frolics 'neath the rafters!
What masquerading fine
In garments worn and faded,
Fashioned in "auld lang syne!"
What happy-hearted laughter,
What songs untouched by pain,
Blent with the obligato
Incessing of the rain!

Unceasing of the rain! Dear old unfinished chamber! palace fairer seems-None to my heart is nearer
In all the land of dreams.

-Minnie L. Upton, in Orange Judd

できたまたまたまだまだまだまだって Mr. Jobson Goes Fishing CRURURURURURURURURURU

MRS. JOBSON," said Mr. Jobson, after he had finished reading the paper on Saturday evening, "what would you rather do or go a-fishin'?" Mrs. Jobson wasn't familiar with the phrase, and she had to pass. "Yes, I am sane," went on Mr. Job

son, observing Mrs. Jobson's puzzled look. "You are liable to railroad me across the eastern branch to the big government institution sooner or later, Mrs. Jobson, but I'm sane, all right. Here's what I mean: This is the beauteous spring season. Therefore it is the foolish season for fish. Fish bite in spring in the upper Potomac. Likewise, nature is now assuming her loveliest robes. I propose that we get a skiff to-morrow morning, row ten or 15 miles up the upper Potomac, drink in the beauty of the unfolding leafage, and catch a barrel of fish. I'll do the rowing."

Mrs. Jobson kept at her honiton lace work very industriously.

"Aren't you afraid there might be some danger in rowing now that you have grown so stout, and-" she began after a pause.

"Oh, that's it," interrupted Mr. Jobson. "You are of the opinion that it is my purpose to get you in a boat, pull her out to the middle of the river and scuttle her; or else you think that I don't know any more about rowing than I do of the Higher and Noblerone or the other. Mrs. Jobson, I never won any diamond sculls for rowing, and I don't pretend that I can beat a Norfolk boat down to Old Point in an outrigger; but I can row, Mrs. Jobson-you don't want to let that fact get away from you; I can row, all right. And I can fish, too. And when you're throwing out jibes about people getting stout and puffy and things like that, permit me to remind you that the passing of the years is not leaving you exactly so sylph-like as you were when I came along and rescued you from single blessedness. I may not be quite so Slim Jimmy and quick on my pins as I was a couple o' years ago, but if I can't pull the both of us up to where the falls begin on the upper Potomac, without taking a long breath, and then turn against the tide, you can present my name for membership in the Fat

Men's club, that's all.' Thus it came about that shortly after nine o'clock on Sunday morning Mr. and Mrs. Jobson, with plethoric basket of lunch, appeared at the foot of one of the Georgetown CHAPMAN & GILLESPIE, ATTORNEYS AT streets, where Mr. Jobson rented lines of Tazewell courty and Court of Appeals at Wytheville. J. W. Chapman, A. P. Gillespie. for the Great Banks, and negotiated

"I don't want any of your tubs," said Mr. Jobson to the boatman. "Gimme a shipshape looking craft, that's got some style about it-none of these here clumsy outfits that look like Dutch frigates in a gale o' wind."

"Well, I've some nice outriggers," said the boatman, looking Mr. Jobson over out of the tail of his eye, "out they're a bit hard to manage, if you ain't used to 'em, and-"

"Are, hey?" said Mr. Jobson. "Well. if there's any one thing that I can do besides smoking and not praying on the cornet, it's just toying with an ontrigger. That's what I had in mind-an outrigger. Gimme the longest and lowest and rakishest one you've got in the barn, and you'll see whether I can manage it or not."

"But," interposed Mrs. Jobson, after she had made some furtive gestures to the boatman, "haven't you often read of accidents with that kind of boat, and aren't they-

"Do we do business, and do I get that outrigger?" said Mr. Jobson, severely, to the boatman, who had no alternative but to produce the style of boat that was demanded of him. Mrs. Jobson got into the stern sheets with many misgivings and with the look of one who is breathing silent prayers, but Mr. Jobson stepped heavily in with the air of a deep water, heavy weather cox'un of a pirate cap-

tain's gig. "Just pass me those oars," he comnanded the boatman, and then the the right oar into the water as if it plays upon the expressionless lips. and waned, Sammie grew more moody was an oyster tong, and fanned the

glared at Her. Then he dug the left oar into the water, as if it was trying to make a sounding at that particu-lar spot, while he wielded the right oar as if it were a cricket bat. The boat was listed to the left, and again Mrs. Jobson emitted a little scream of fear, holding on tight. Mr. Jobson glared at her some more, pulled out his handkerchief and mopped his face, and said deep things in his throat.

"This darned machine is out of or-

der," said he, "or else you have put a job on me with the boatman, Mrs. Jobson. I suppose you came over here late last night and fixed it all up with him-arranged it so that we should both be dumped near the dock, and the boatman is to rescue you and let me go to the bottom. Then you collect my insurance money, pay your accessory in the crime, and—"
"Hey, there!" yelled the boatman;
"catch this line, will you?" for the hair.

Mr. Jobson caught the line the boatman threw him, and the outrigger was pulled back to the float. "They're a bit hard to manage, as

I told you," said the boatman. "Don't you think a plain skiff is what you Mr. Jobson regarded the boatman

and Mrs. Jobson savagely.
"What I want," he said, "is some kind of a boat that will go through the water-not a machine that is purposely cranked up and fixed for the purpose of sending people who try to row it to a watery grave. If you've got that kind of a boat haul it out;

The boatman deposited Mr. and Mrs. Jobson in a safe-loking skiff of the flat-bottomed kind, handed Mr. Jobson the oars, and this time Mr. Jobson contrived to get the boat away from the float without catching more than half a dozen crabs. The tide was running out, and by the time Mr. Jobson had pulled the skiff half-way across the stream he began to pant and snort and puff like a small steam tug pulling an ocean steamship. The boat meanwhile was rapidly going down stream with the tide. Mr. Jobson mopped his perspiring face and gazed coldly at Mrs. Jobson, who was hanging on to the gun'ls with a pale

countenance. "You just did this to humiliate me, didn't you, madam?" said Mr. Jobson, picking up the oars and pulling hard for the opposite shore. "It's just pie for you to have your husband made to look cheap in the eyes of the riff-raff, isn't it?"

"I'm sure I don't know what you-"Oh, no; you don't know anything about it." snorted Mr. Jobson. "You didn't rock that outrigger with your two hands so it wouldn't work as soon as I began to row in it, did you? And you didn't wink to that boatman to pick out the heaviest tub of a galleon that ever crawled through the water to make it appear that I was shy in rowing ability, did you?"

"Mr. Jobson, we'll go down to the Long bridge soon if you don't take the boat further up the stream," said Mrs. Jobson, noticing the rapid drift of the skiff downstream, "and then-"Let 'er drift out to sea, madam,' said Mr. Jobson, in a tone of deadly coldness; "it would serve you right for forming an alliance with a mur-

derous boatman to-" Then Mr. Jobson went at the oars, and by dint of tremendous effort he managed to fetch up on the Virginia side, on the edge of a grass marsh, about half a mile below the point whence they started. There he threw out his line, and Mrs. Jobson threw out her line, and at the end of an hour's fishing Mrs. Jobson had caught four nice little perch, and Mr. Jobson hadn't got a bite. Then Mr. Jobson called a boy who was rowing near by to come over and tow the skiff back to the place where it had been hired. The boy hitched his own boat to a stake, and in eight minutes he had pulled the skiff containing Mr. and Mrs. Jobson to the float without

so much as breathing hard. "Madam." said Mr. Jobson, when they got home, about noon, lagging the basketful of untouched lunch. "the next time you begin to poetize and pipe-dream about the beauteous spring leafage, and bomboozle me nto embarking with you on an expe dition in which you have conspired to take my life. I'll be elsewhither. Mrs. Jobson; I'll be elsewhither-

that's all."-Washington Star. Kipling was wise enough, says the Chicago Record, to wait until Joubert was dead and Cronje locked up before making his latest verses.

Doesn't Affect Price. The new style of diamond is oval But, says the Chicago Tribune, the price remains at the same old round

THE SHADOW OF A KING.

Empty Show of Power of the Bey o Tunis and Other Titled Heads

The man who was a sovereign and is figurehead is always pitiful to see. still retain an empty show of power. In the colonies of France the fiction is almost disregarded. A visit to his highness Ali, bey of Tunis, is like a visit to an extinct volcano. Decrees are still issued in his name, but he is

You may spend weeks in Tunesia, experience, and remain unconvinced of I'd have been Jacob, which I thank the bey's existence. Should you, how- goodness I ain't." ever, chance to be near the Italian railway station of Tunis on a Monday morning, you may witness the arrival denly turned an enlightened of a portly old gentleman, who hurries into a ramshackle medieval carriage, with a beflagged escutcheon on the door, and drives off as fast as his pair

of white mules can carry him. He has come to pay the visit which he is required to make on the French officials who may have instructions for him. Under no circumstances will they pay him the compliment of a visit, even been telling you that Jacob Monawhen they are living in their summer

quarter, hard by his palace. The only occasion when you may hope to come in contact with the bey of Tunis is during the days of Biairam, the Moslem holiday which follows the fast of Ramadan. Then he holds a public reception. Like his father, he wears a semblance of a European costume. His face is benevolent, but weak, and by no means intelligent. He seems scarcely to take in the compliments of the French presi-

Gen. Valensi. "Hamdou lillah (God be praised), I am well," is his constant refrain. The smoked defiantly. The marriage went resident, as the chief French official is called, remarks that his highness wore | ded pair, with the three daughters of a fur coat on his drive, and trusts that | the bride, sat down to a feast the like his highness did not feel cold.

"No, Hamdou lillah, I did not feel cold. It was my son who compelled me This marriage took place in the to wrap myself up," and a faint smile Poor bey! His attention often wan- and defiant. For Mr. Monasmith had ders, and you realize that he is think- said to his wife: "I do not approve of



physical attraction is secondary to it. We

have a book we will gladly send you that tells just how to care If your hair is too thin

or losing its luster,

Growth, becomes vigorous and all dandruff is removed. It always restores color to gray or faded

get .-

hair. Retain your youth; don't look old before your time. \$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. "I have used your Hair Vigor now for about 25 years and I have found it splendid and satisfactory in every way. I believe I have recommended this Hair Vigor to hundreds of my friends, and they all tell the same story. If anybody wants the best kind of a Hair Vigor I shall certainly recommend to them just as strongly as I can that they get a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor."

Mrs. N. E. HAMILTON, Nov. 28, 1898.

Norwich, N. Y.

Write the Doctor. you don't obtain all the benefits desire from the use of the Vigor, a the Doctor about it. Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

6 にもだるだるだめだめだめだめだめだめだね The Craziness of Jacob Monasmith

By Gulielma Zollinger. Cheronomenenenen

W HEN Mr. Jacob Monasmith took ily as husband to the widow and stepfather of her children, various opinions in regard to the matter were expressed by the citizens of Ganabrant. The town had taken note of the outgoings and incomings, the uprisings and downsittings of the Dwigans family for two years, and felt competent to express itself. And with very few exceptions its comment was unfavorable.

It was two years since Mr. Dwigans died, and for many months it had been felt in the town that the man who succeeded him as head of the family would take a hazardous position. For although Dr. Dwigans had left them a decent provision, they were now destitute, and none of the family seemed to have any intention of mending their circumstances if work was a condition precedent.

"There's five of them, counting the widow," remarked old Peter Havens, on the wedding morning. "And for two years they've been wanting all they saw and buying all they wanted. It's surprising they ain't destituter than they be, and it's my belief that Jacob Monasmith is plumb

"Oh, well," responded Mr. Havens sister, "Jacob's got sense, but he has to promise me, because you love her, no power of or servation. That's what | never to steal any more?" ails him. Powers of observation were denied him, and he hasn't noticed the children nor how they act.' "Now, there's that 17-year-old Sam-

mie-undersized little runt that's smoking cigarettes continually!" recall Jacob 'father,' and act respectfully? Not much he ain't! He calls him Old Monasmith already. Jacob won't be the one to make a man out in him to be trying it, to my no-

The elderly sister now moved hurriedly to the window, and looked out glimpse of coming up the street. Yes, there came Sammie, his air one of bravado, which he thought manly, his hat on the back of his head, and a cigarette in his mouth. His pale and sallow skin seemed only a different shade from his taffy-cold and his hands were thrust into his trousers pockets. As Miss Havens Under the British empire many princes looked, her expression changed from

curiosity to indignation. "That's Sammie!" she said to her brother. "He said he wasn't going to be to the wedding, and he ain't. "If he'd said he wasn't going to be to the house after the wedding, it scarcely apprised of them beforehand. would have been more to the point, responded Mr. Havens. "That's what says Mr. Herbert Vivian, a traveler of I should have wanted him to say if

> Now, the Widow Dwigans was extremely comely, and Miss Havens sudupon her brother. "I believe you wish you were Jacob." she observed.

"Not much!" protested the elderly man, while his face flushed. "I wouldn't have the widow, not if she was twice as good-looking as she iswith that there Sammie for a stepson Not much, I wouldn't have him step soning it around me! Haven't I just smith is plumb crazy to do as he's doing to-day? And would I be doing what I think is crazy in another

man?" "I don't know," returned Miss Havens. Some men do." Mr. Havens, knowing from past ex perience that when he discussed men with his sister he was apt to get the worst of it, now rose abruptly from his chair and left the room

"Gracious me!" reflected the spin ster, after he had gone, "He a stepdent, clumsily translated to him by father and me a stepaunt to that Sam-Meanwhile Sammie loafed and

> on and was done, and the newly wedof which had not been in that house for months. spring, and as the summer advanced

nishing him eigarette money, saw that she was adamant to all his coaxing and scolding. He might have worked and earned his money, but work for himself was something of which Sam-

mie did not approve. The town of Ganabrant had not failed to watch with interest Mr. Mona-

smith's career as a stepfather.
"There's one thing," said old Mr. Havens, "He's shut Sammie off on eigarettes. I hadn't supposed that Jacob would quite get up the nerve to do that. I expect he threatened to lick him if he didn't quit."

This was the last day of September, and the next day Sammie was observed to be smoking again. Somebody had given him a quarter for a trifling service, and the money had at once been spent for cigarettes. "I thought it was strange if Jacob

had got him broken so's he'd stay broken," observed Mr. Havens. "'Twas Mr. Janeway gave him the quarter. That's a warning to me, now I tell you. I don't ever pay a boy a quarter for doing anything after this." And Mr. Havens looked as if he had formerly

been in the habit of scattering quarters broadcast among boys, whereas it had been a long time since he had given one even a penny, for any service. Now all the Dwigans family, howev

er wasteful and shiftless they might have been, had always been regarded as strictly konest. And so when the next night a store, or I should have said the store, which sold cigarettes was broken open and the entire stock of eigarettes stolen, nobody for an instant suspected Sammie. Particularly as Sammie the next day, appalled by the enormity of his deed, carefully hid away the ill-gotten goods and forbore to smoke, although cruelly urged to do so by the pangs of appetite.

"Does seem as if luck was on Jacob's side," commented Mr. Havens. "Here's erally a necessity. Besides shelter-Sammiesmoked up his quarter's worth, ing from storms, and protecting the and now there won't be any for awhile for Sammie to get hold of."

Meanwhile Jacob Monasmith found the peace and happiness of his life broken in upon. Although temperate himself, he knew the strength of appetite, for Miss Havens was mistaken servation. He had very great powers of observation and a great sympathy | 22 inches in front and 14 inches in for the tempted. And he was not long in discovering the identity of the

"'Twas Janeway giving him that quarter that started it," he mused. "Sammie hadn't had any for quite a spell, and when the quarter's worth was gone he got desperate and stole." And Jacob sighed as he put on his hat and went to seek his stepson.

He found him, after some search, behind the barn, sitting listlessly on an old, overturned wagon-bed. Taking a seat beside him, Jacob said: "Where have you hid them, Sammie?" The boy started up in terror, but his

stepfather laid a detaining hand on his arm. "Sit still!" he said, kindly but firmly. There was silence a moment, during which the strength of at the bottom 11/2 inches below the will that lay behind that detaining floor. It has wire netting across the hand was making itself felt all through front (above the door) for ventila-Sammie's deranged nervous system. And when the question was repeated: "Where have you hid them, Sammie?" the answer came in a whisper: "Up in

er, Sammie?"

the boy burst into tears. we'll see what can be done. We don't catches, so it can be taken off for the want her to find out about this, Sam- purpose of cleaning the coop. I used mie." The boy listened with bated breath.

"Do you love her well enough to

That is what I'm asking you, Sammie. Do you love your mother well enough "Yes, sir," he answered, respectfully. hand from the boy's arm and rising, "I love her well enough to get you out of this scrape. But there's one

thing more I'd like to ask you. Of sumed Mr. Havens. "Is he going to course you don't love me, but do you respect me enough to promise me to quit smoking those things?" "I do!" said Sammie, solemnly. "I'm not wanting to ask too much of Sammie. Looks kind of conceited of you," said Jacob, "but any time you

should feel it in your heart to call me 'pa.' I'll be proud to hear you, son.' And then Jacob walked away. Nobody stood by to see the tumult upon a short figure she had caught in Sammie's small nature that day, and nobody saw his spirit burst its bonds and stand ready to begin a larger growth. For Jacob had gone to right

things with the burglarized storekeeper, who was a firm friend of his. You can keep your mouth shut, know," began Jacob, when the two were alone. "Now I've found out who took those cigarettes, and I'm ready Java, Black Spanish, Black Hamburg to pay for them. Least said, soon- and Black Cochin breeds, but after the est mended. How much were they feathers begin to take the place of worth to you?"

The storekeeper named a sum and passes away and the chicks soon be-Jacob promptly paid it. "I could have brought them back to you," he remarked, "but I didn't do it because I didn't want them to be here tempting boys."

For a moment his friend, the storekeeper, looked at him. "Jacob," he said, with admiration, "you were cut out for a father if ever a man was." Jacob blushed all over his homely visage. "I kind of thought I was when I married Sammie and the three girls, he answered, modestly. "The children & Chicago Actress Who Has Memorhave lots of good in them, if a body

knows where to find it." And as months passed the town of Ganabrant began to see dimly what the stepfather had all along seen through his large vision. Years went by and Sammie was out

in the world for himself-doing well, too, although Jacob thought, with a sigh, that he had never said "pa." Then Jacob fell sick. The mother, frightened and distracted at the thought of losing him, was of little use. But Sammie, in the full plenitude of his small powers, stepped to the front. Straight as a grenadier he marched into Jacob's sick-room and, taking his stepfather's hand cordially in his, he said: "Don't you worry, pa. I'm right here, and I'm going to stay."

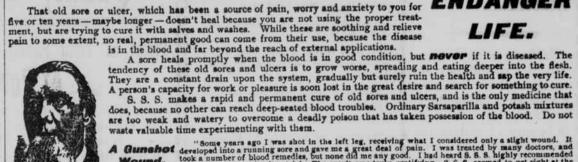
faintly: "I knew you would be, son." "I never see the beat!" declared Miss Havens, who was assisting Mrs. Monasmith, as, indeed, all the town were doing, for Jacob had many friends. "It's 'pa' this and 'pa' that continually and every time that Sammie says 'pa,' it seems as good as a dose of medicine to Jacob. "Well," admitted Mr. Havens, reluc

Mr. Monasmith smiled and said,

tantly, when Mr. Monasmith had recovered, to the great joy of his family, "Jacob has made a man out of Sam-

or the wide him the money to buy them with." Mrs. Monasmith, who was very happy with her new husband, submitted to his decision, and Sammie, who might otherwise have bullied her into fur-

source of pain, worry and anxiety to you for ENDANGER



"Some years ago I was shot in the left leg, receiving what I considered only a slight wound. It developed into a running sore and gave me a great deal of pain. I was treated by many doctors, and took a number of blood remedies, but none did me any good. I had heard S. S. highly recommended and concluded to give it a trial. The result was truly gratifying. S. S. seemed to get right at the trouble, and forced the poison out of my blood; soon afterwards the sore healed up and was cured sound and well. I now have perfect use of the leg, which was swollen and very stiff for a long time. J. H. McBrayer, Lawrenceburg, Ky."

S. S. S. is the only purely vegetable blood purifier known; is made of roots and herbs of wonderful purifying properties, which no poison can resist. S. S. S. quickly and effectually clears the blood of all morbid, unhealthy humors, and the old, troublesome sore heals. At the same time the general health is invigorated and built up. When a little scratch or hurt fails to heal readily, you may be sure your blood is bad. S. S. 3. will soon put it in order and keep it so.

put it in order and keep it so.

Our Medical Department is in charge of experienced physicians, who have made blood diseases a life study. If you will write them about your case, they will gladly furnish all information or advice wanted, without any charge whatever.

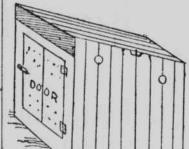
Address SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

COOP FOR CHICKENS.

Very New Design, But One Whose Usefulness Has Never Been Questioned.

The coop illustrated below was designed by J. W. Wale. He says, in de-

scribing it: For young chicks, coops are genchicks from vermin and larger depredators, they give a person good con-trol of the brood. Every coop should be provided with a good lath run. The brood coop shown in the accompanying cut is a kind I have used for years with good results. It can be made larger or smaller as required. when she said he had no powers of ob- With me the standard size is 26 inches long, 20 inches wide, with a height of



HANDY CHICKEN COOP. the rear. It is made of well-seasoned, matched lumber, which is run down tion, and air-holes at the sides one inch in diameter, which air-holes should be closed up in winter. The roof extends from the coop 21/2 inches at each end, and 11/2 inches at the For some time Jacob deliberated, sides. A piece 1x11/4 inches nailed on Then he said: "Do you love your moth- the underside of the roof, and extend- tious, narrow-minded man, hearing r, Sammie?"

"Yes, I do!" came the answer, and keep the roof from sagging. The door has small hinges and a button. Fas- house, told some of the "pillars" of his ten the top on with staples and congregation that he hoped they would to nail the top on, but I saw a cut some time ago of such a coop which had the top temporarily fastened on,

good one. I always make a lath run four feet long, two to 21/2 feet wide, and 20 inches high. Put it in front of cant at the weekly service, and the and against the coop, and let the hen pastor questioned him as to his where-"Then," said Jacob, removing his out into it in good weather, and un- abouts on Sunday. The man replied til the chicks are two weeks old. After that the hen can run where she pleases with her chicks, unless she pleases to go into the wet, or runs through the grass and tires the man," answered the culprit, "Bishor chicks too much, in either of which cases confine her a few days longer. You must be your own judge on such points as this. The first six or eight weeks are the critical time in the life of the chicks. From that time forward they call for comparatively little trouble, and can vastly better with stand any storms or disease to which they may be exposed .- Journal

of Agriculture. The Colors of Chicks. Do not be discouraged if chicks do not appear true to color when hatched. No chicks are hatched entirely black. as there will be some white on them when they come out of the shells. This is the case with the Langshans, Black the down on their bodies the white come entirely black. If the chicks from white breeds appear to have "offcolor" they will become of the correct color later on. In fact, sometimes when the chicks are pure white it may denote that they were not strictly pure, but a few years more of breeding will fix the color, as the darker birds of the white breeds are all be-

ing culled out .- Farm and Fireside.

OVER A MILLION WORDS. ized That Many in Studying Her Parts.

Many women of the stage have had their health permanently ruined by overstudy. In the past year a half dozen of well-known women have the free pass system. Every member been sent to sanitariums because of overstudy.

200 different parts.

to the page. mer learned 18,000 words. In memor- days. izing "Camille" she learned 7,000 words, and in the course of her five years' connection with Hopkins' stock company in Chicago she has memorized more than 1,400,000 words. In all this time Miss Hosmer has never been out of the cast from any cause except the ordinary ills such as fall to actors and actresses in the course of their season. She has felt no evil results from this enormous tax on her mental powers, and is to-day a brighter and more vig-

A CONTINENTAL DAM.

It Sounds Like a Cuss Word, But This Account Proves It to Be Otherwise.

Can you give the origin of the ex-

pression "continental dam?" asks a correspondent of the Philadelphia Times. It sounds profane, but is it: Possibly, and in all probability, it owes its existence to the continental currency of revolutionary fame or its counterfeit. During the darkest days of the revolutionary war, when the credit of the continental government was at its lowest ebb and the redemption of its currency of grave doubt, this currency had depreciated to such an extent that we are told it required \$600 of its face value to purchase a good substantial pair of boots. Not content with this deplorable condition of things, however, Yankee ingenuity devised a substitute (counterfeit) for this currency, and when these spurious notes came under the notice and detection of bank officials it was their custom to stamp upon them the Latin word damnato (condemned), or, in its abbreviated form "dam," thus ending

their disastrous career. Is it possible to conceive of anything more utterly worthless or good for nothing than this counterfeit continental money forever condemned by this "dam" upon it, and is not this the most logical and natural deduction of the origin of the expression, "It is not worth a continental dam," so much like profanity, and yet, if we are correct, so absolutely free from it?

IN HIS SHIRT SLEEVES.

and the Kentuckian Thought the Episcopal Prelate a Most Unassuming Man.

Not long ago Bishop Dudley, of Kentucky, went to preach in a little town in the western part of the state, where there are no Episcopal churches, and only one, in fact, of any other denomination. The people, says the Louisville Courier-Journal, are unfamiliar with any but the plainest and most simple church service and entirely un accustomed to the vestments which the Episcopal clergy wear. The pastor of the "only church," a good, conscien-Episcopal service.

On the appointed Sunday what was the pastor's suprise to notice half of his flock absent, and upon inquiry he promise me never to steal any more? and on trying it found the idea a learned that the courthouse was thronged with the villagers. The next day he met one of his chief supporters whose accustomed seat had been vathat he had gone to hear Bishop Dudley. "What!" replied the clergyman. "Desert me to hear that pompous prelate!" "You're mistaken in the Dudley is no pompous prelate. preached in his shirtsleeves."

DIANA OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Beautiful Figure That Graces Curious Coin in the Mint of That City.

At the mint in Philadelphia are

number of coins far more precious

than any which find their way into circulation. They are a collection of curios, and many of them date from times of great antiquity. Perhaps the most interesting among them is a handsome coin bearing on its face the profile of a woman, which has a striking resemblance to the God-

dess of Liberty of our own currency

Underneath is the single word

"Demos," which is the Greek for "The On the reverse of the coin is a beautiful figure of the goddess Diana, arching her bow, and the inscription, translated into English, reads: "Diana,

Friend of the Philadelphians." The coin was minted more than 2,000 years ago at the city of Philadelphia in | Occossossossossossossossos Asia Minor, where, as we know, there grew up in later years one of the seven churches of which St. John writes. The prize was discovered some years ago in Europe by Joseph Mickley, of Philadelphia, a violin-maker and an authority on coins. By him it was appropriately presented to the mint in Philadelphia.

Free Pass System. There is a sharp debate going on it Australia just now over the abuses of of the ministry gets a gold pendant to wear on his watch chain, which en Miss May Hosmer, leading woman of | titles him to a free ride over any railthe Hopkins Chicago stock company, road. The special beauty of the arwho has played more parts than any rangement is that it lasts for life, and woman of her age in America, has while the officeholders' family is not never lost a week during the past five supposed to share in the privilege, the theatrical seasons, and has played over railway officials are very lenient. One of the humors of the recent debate lay Many of these parts, closely type- in the fact that a Dr. McKay, who was written, formed a manuscript of from rejected by his constituents for oppos 50 to 200 pages, and in theatrical manu- ing the free passage of troops bound script there are an average of 90 words for South Africa, has the free use of the state railways for life, because he In memorizing "Fanchon," Miss Hos- was once minister of education for ten

> Spoke Like a Sporting Man. Two gamblers had a quarrel and one cut the other's ear off. The victim had a warrant issued for the arrest of his assailant, but when an official went to arrest the latter he found him and the complainant drinking together and was told that the charge had been withdrawn. Whereupon a sporting man present remarked in the simply picturesque vernacular of his kind: "He lose his ear like a red chip and he's

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA FREE TO VIRGINIANS

IN THE ACADEMIC SCHOOLS.

Letters, Law, Sciences, Medicine, Engineering. SESSION BEGINS 15 SEPTEMBER.

For Catalogue address P. B. BARRINGER,

Chairman, Charlottesville, Va.

Job Work. . .

The REPUBLICAN

Job Office Is complete in all kinds

of work done neatly and promptly.

LETTER HEADS NOTE HEADS, ENVELOPES, BILL HEADS STATEMENTS. CARDS. PAMPHLETS. AND SPECIAL JOBS.

Our prices will be as low as those of any first-class off ce.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

VALTINGDY AND CHATTAHOOGA LIMITLE THROUGH SLEEPERS Dew Orkans, Manglin & Daw York

CAFE DINING CARE

SHENANDUAHVALLEI RUL KNOXVILLE AND NEW YORK VIA LURAY PONATURAL BRIDGE Virginia Ohio Line Through Line.

NORFOLK TO COLUMBUS

CLOSE CONNECTIONS

TO AND FROM CHICAGO STLOUIS AND THE WEST.

W. B. BEVILL, General Pass. Agent.

ROANOKE.VA.

Stamp Supplies._

If in need of any kinds of Stamps, you will profit by obtaining prices from me. I can furnish Seals, Stencils, Burning Brands, Rubber Band Daters, Revenue Stamp Cancellors, and anything you may need in the Stamp Line. For prices write

JAMES F. PENDLETON.

Tazewell, Va. TAZEWELL STEAM

AUNDRY,

On TAZEWELL AVENUE. With all Modern Equipments. First-class Work at Reasonable

Prices Guaranteed.

Respectfully,

L. C. WINGO

J. M. BEAVERS,

J. B. HANKINS,

C. WINGO, Manager. Phone 40.

SPECIAL CONTRACTS Made For Family Laundry.

Deposit your Laundry at Pobet's.

Notice.

All persons whomsoever are hereby no-tified and warned not to hunt, fish, ride! walk, drive stock across or otherwise tres-pass on my premises, for the law against all

such will be rigidly enforced. SAMUEL T. HENINGER. June 22nd, 1899.

to the right, and Mrs. Jobson emitted ing of the contemps he must excite Sammie smoking cigarettes. They're mie, but I don't see how he did it."orous woman than she was ten years a dead game loser." a little scream of alarm. Mr. Jobson among his compatriots.